

1
Such that I hope my fawr for to stele
And good leman for the oades and lepe
And with that word she gan for to wepe
Allyn up yst and thought or it sado
I wol go qepyn be my felawde
And felt the gadil with his hond a noue
So god thought he al wrong had so I goun
myn hode is toty of my swynk al myght
that maketh me that I go nat a nyght
I doot wole be the gadil I have nye go
her byth the mytler and his wyfe aff
And forth he goth a tescuty sewil wey
unto the besyther as the mytler lay
he went hadd qepyn by his felowde John
And by the mytler he qepith in a noue
he kante him be the noke and oft spak
he ower pover John thowd swynshode a wale
For enfas wile and here a nobil game
For by that lord that callis is swynk game
As I have thys in this chort myght
Owryd the mytler his doghter bolt my nyght
Why he thowd hast as a cowayd bowd a gast
No false hayldt quod the mytler hast
A false treytour a false clerk and ho
thowd shall be sode be goddis dugyde
Who saye be so bolds for to disperage
my doghter that is com of such kynage
And by the throte bol he caught allyn
And he hem dysproustly a gayn
And on the nose he smote him with his fist
Doun ran the bloode thome oppon his biest
And in the flore with nose and mowth to bloke
they dealed as sone to piggis in a poke
And wpy they goon and soun a geyn a noue
Tyl that the mytler stombolit att a ston
And doun he fil bak ward on his wyfe
that wist no thing of that wylf fyf
For she was ful of olope a lyl wylf

With John the clerk that wakis, hath al myght
 And with the fal out of her slepe the boye
 Help holy cros of bryghtyn the ovyd
 In manne tues to the lord, I cal
 A wake Symond the fynd ye on we fal
 myn hert is blythyn help I am but dede
 thes lych on my wombe and on myn hode
 help Symlyn for the fale clerkis fight
 thes John stert up as odne as myn ho myght
 And graspid by the walle to and flo
 to fynd a staf and the stert up also
 And knowe the othe bet than did, the John
 And by the wal a staf the found, a none
 And sawe a lute shynnyng of a light
 For atte hole in the walle the moun light
 And by that light the sawe hem both to
 But slyly the no wist who was who
 And as the sawe a whete in her ye
 And when the gan the whete yung a spy
 She wond the clerk had wond a wotepor
 And with the staff the drew ay nois and nois
 And wond to have hit the delyn atte ful
 And smote the mytler on the pithis, oful
 And down he goth and qud hayowes I dy
 thes clerkis bete him wole and bete him by
 And graythed hem and toke her torn a none
 And oke her mete and on her woy they gone
 And atte myt dor yit they toke her faks
 Of half a bushel flour, wole I baed
 thus is the plover mytler, wole I bete
 And hath I oft the gynyng of the wote
 And paid for the owerp, onewdole
 Of Aloyn and John that bete him wole
 the wyse is owerd, and ye soghter ala
 so such it is a mytler for to be fale
 And thes for the plover is ful with
 him thes nat wene wole that, oful south
 A gyler shal e by be gyler, be

And God that outeth by in mageste
 Sade at this companys gret and finale
 Thine hase I quyt the mytler his tale

Here endeth the Rede his tale

Here beginneth the Foke his prolog.

The foke of London while so Rede spak
 For joy he thought he cladd him on so bak
 Alha quod he for giste oren passion
 This mytler hath a chary conclusion
 Oppon his argument of herboragage

Wold say Salamon in his langage
 No press nat enow man in to thyng howse
 For herburghing be wight is perloesse
 Wold oght a man a dyse for to be
 Whom that he byng into his pyvete
 I pray to God so yede me odours and cary
 Syn ower that a light hore of wane
 He is a mytler bet a oet a doik
 He has a jape of malice in the doik
 But God for bode pat woe stynyn hore
 And porfore yf yos wotech oare to hore
 A tale of me that am a pore man
 I wold yosse tel as wel as othe I can
 Alhal jape that fil in my pte
 My oft answer and ois I gnytt in the
 Nothe tel on Roger loks that it be good
 For many a pesty hast yosse late bloode
 And many a jak of doer hast yosse cole
 That hath be terye hore and terye cole
 Of many a pylgrym hast yosse giste cys
 For yit of thy peysely they fane the wore
 Nothe tel on gentil Roger be thy name
 But I pley the be nat esoth for game
 A man may ower ful wote in game and pley
 Nothe owerst ful wote ois Roger be my foy

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 But sooth pley made pley as ye fflouryng seith
 And ther for hamy bayly be thy feith
 So thow nat seioth or so deparyn here
 Thogh that my tale be of an hostolore
 But nothyles resol nat tel hit yit
 But er so depart I seie yow chalt be quyt
 And ther with al he lowe and made chere
 And seid his tale as yow schal after here

Here endith the koke his prollong
 And here begynnith his tale



A Montis Colydon dwelt in this cote
 Of a cast of vittolles was he
 A gaylard he was as goldsmith in po chatte
 Boun as a bey and a py short folatso
 With lokkeis blak I kembir ful founste
 Daunce he coed nat wol and solok
 For he was clowd poyntw yowolow
 He was as ful of love and payamow

And for I com after f. . . he . . . i hitte be late
I hope in p. . . and late him ymme make
And with the wordis he with a good chere
Began his tale as yow chere after here

Here beginning the man of lawe his tale
the which is I crownyd & m



7
Dyde men dmeis thingis ovedyn
the Argumentis castyn up and down
many a odel reson forth yey laydyn
they spek of mayke and of habuacion
But fynally as in this conclusioun
they can nat odo in that nono anuittage
Rid in none othir evey odo in maynagis

then oade they they in such dofolcultwos
so evey of reson for to speke al ploynd
so cause nat yey ebas such dmeisatoo
Bytby he both ladeis ad yey ovyd
they noese that no enstyn pynce ebolds foynd
Weddyng he childe wedyng ou ladeis oboots
that we was tathit by malhoum ou ppheto

And he ansewys iathyn than a lode
Custance q eol be crystenys doutles
I must be heres q may none othir chos
I may zebe hold yey Argumentis in pes
Sawith my lyfe and be nat rechillod
to getyn he that hath my lyfe in eny
for in this wo I may nat long endure

What nedith yere dilatacioun
Joy be tetyse and be embassyn
Joy by the Popis meditacioun
And at the chynch and at the chynchaly
that in distinctioun of mainentyn
And in encies of enstis ladeis deie
they deue a cordit as yee schul asty here

How that the Dowdoun and his bayonage
And al his lades shal qistynys q be
And he shal have Custance in maynagis
And certen hold qnote what quante
And yey to found yey good dmeis
this oame a cord ebas oboorn in othir odo
Noese foy custance al myty God po ydo

neeße wolse som men beeytyn as yges
 that y schuldr tel al the prysoance
 that the Emperour of his giete nobles
 hath chapynd for his dooghter Dauce Custance
 wel may men knowe that od giete ordmanice
 may no man tel in od litle a classe
 As was ordoynd for od high a cause

Bysshoppis bene chapynd wth hem for to wende
 lordis and ladye of giete loue
 And ovy folk knowe this is the ende
 And notyfys is thorothe out the towne
 that ovy epye to wth giete deuoion
 shuld prey epte that he this mayage
 kesseyse in ghe and spede this mathe

The day is comyn of her departyng
 y sey that the woful day is com
 that they may be no longer taryng
 But forwys they see hem al and od
 Custance that wth drothe ye al od com
 ful pale a wylth and dyessith her to woude
 For eke she epyth they is none othyr ounde

Alas what wouy it is though that she wou
 that shal be sent vnto od fyanke a nation
 the fionde that hyr od tendinge fape
 And to be bounden wth such subiection
 of one she knowyth nat his condicon
 husbonds bene al gode and have bene yore
 that knowyn by bys y saye sey no more

fasy she ovy thy breathis child Custance
 thy yong dooghter fostyn wth od osto
 And yee my moer my od beyen plesance
 Ovy al thing out takyn ept on loste
 Custance yeur child her recomandith ofte
 vnto yeur giete for y shal con to dny
 Re shal knowe od yeebe more wth yo

8
9
Alas com to the baybery nation
q most a noon yf it were yem' ebe
But eyste that dies for ony' ioudempcion
So yf me glate his hostis to fulfil
q wreathis woman no force pogh q spile
Common and bdrd to thraldom & to pounco
And to be vndy manys go benaunce

It is be at joy when tynys glate ye ebal
Or yldon not brend thebes the dete
So come for the dete of anybal
that romayns hathe benquysshis tynys this
was heis such tondy wepyng for pete
As was in the chambr for her wepyng
But forth she mot ebechyn she wepo or dyng

O flosy morynng cruel fymament
With thy dymyal eich that goe bystray
And huytelst al so oft to oardont
that natyelly wold holdyn a nory way
thy goe bystray det the hebeid in such a way
dite dorymynng of this fiesce corage
that cruel marce hath sleid this manaye

Infortunat ascendant tortuoso
Of wiche ye lord is helpe fal a las
Out of his Angls in to ye dōleost howse
q marce ocytazor as in this caase
O phobilmone am happy bo thy paf
thoebe euctest the theie as poebe art nat iossopas
there thebe wey wele fio pou art thebe boye

undo themor
sto 10 as

Inpyndout Emperour of Rome alas
Was ther' no phylosophy in thy to beid
Is no tyme beay' than othy' in this case
Of coragys is ther' none othy' olacion
fiandy to folk of hy condicion
fot when a root ye of a byth q phoebo
Alas yeo boed to lette or ellie to oldebo

Tho to ship was bryght this woful fey maid
 Solowpuly With enow circumstauce
 Roobe qhd thste be with yowre al oho seid
 Thoy is no more but fare wels fey sustaunce
 Shoppynth her self to make good contenance
 And forth q lere her self in this manere
 And tyn a yene q wot on to my mateys

The mosy of re goosdow wcl of wices
 Aspyes hath her connyes ploynd outent
 hotebo ho wole lere his oles oacryfyce
 And nyght a none she for her counsel sent
 And they bene conyn to knowe what she ment
 And when assenbld was this folk in fier
 She set her donw and seid as yee shul here

For dnygys quos she yee knowe wels eneythow
 hotebo that my ood in poynt ys for to lere
 this holy lacye of our Almaynd
 yowyn be goddis messenyer makamote
 sent one a wote to giete god q hote
 this lyfe shal iathyr out of my body stert
 or makamone lere go out of myn hert

What shul we tydyd of this nelle lacye
 But thalson to our body and penance
 And afterwar in hel for to be dace
 For woe yownd makomys our qeant
 But lordie wot yow makyn assuance
 as q shal sey assentyn to my lere
 And q shal make us safe for euy more

they swore and assentid anyman
 to kysse with hir and dy and by her stonde
 And onerch in the best wyse that he can
 to strength her shal his fiendie fonde
 as she hath this empyce take on honde
 wyche yow shul here as q shal de wyse
 And to hem al she spak nyght in this wyse

11
When Alla sawe his wyfe for her hottot
And wept that it was iolbit to do
For att first look that he on her cot
He knelbit wepely that it was sho
And for odores as Doube stou dith as att
So was her hert hit in her distres
When she remembrithe of his unkyndnes

Therfor she oobownd in his oedw aght
He wept and hym excusith petously
Reede god quod he and his Galtelie bryght
So wyffely on my oedels hadd moicy
That of your hand as gyltles am I
As is my oedw mactys so lye your faso
Orellis the fende fechms out of this plaso

Long was the snobbyng and the bittyn poynd
Or that her weful hert myt in ouy wyse cose
Sote was the pette for to heris hem pteynd
Thyngh which pteyntis gan hyr obo enclose
I pray yow at my labours to wote
I may tel her obo am tyl to more obo
I am so wey for to spoke of odores

But fynally when the othe is wist
That Alla gyltles ys of her obo
I trowe an hundre tymes they bone fist
And such a ble is there bo ttey hom to
That eade the joy that taketh othw mo
That yer is none lye to ouy creatur
That hath ovyd or othw whyle ys world may dwe

Therfor she her foud moedely
In a chyn of her oboys apno
That he wold pray her fady pocioussly
That of his magiste he wold outdye
As for ch oades com tyne w to dym
She prayth him eke he shul bone wey
Du to hyr fady no ttey of her eke

Som men wolde sey that the child was
 Douth this messaye com to yo Emperoure
 But as I ges alle was nat od nyce
 To hym that is od oddeu of honoure
 As he that is of cristis folk the floure
 Out ouy child so but it is best to dome
 Ho about hym self and od I may wole dome

This Emperour hath graunted gentilly
 To com to dyner as he hym be ought
 That alle was ioy ho toke by
 Upon this child and on his doghter ought
 Alle gothe com to his qu and as hym ought
 Maye for this fest in ouy wyse
 As forsoth as his comynge may suffise

The more we cam and alle gan hym dres
 And eke his wyfe this Emperour for to met
 And forth they went in joy and in gladnes
 And when she sawe her fadyr in ye fete
 She hitth down and fallith hym to foot
 Fadyr quod she you oebid child custuice
 Ye nothe ful clous of oute of you somobynice

I am your doghter Castaunce quod she
 That schyldm yee out in to dny
 Hit am I fadyr that in the cast or
 Was put a lous and dampnyd for to dy
 For the good fadyr moey I yelbe cry
 Send me no more in to hethoues
 For paneth my lord here of his byndues

So can the potesse goy tel al
 As they how the othye they be met
 And my tale make an end I shal
 In my youth fast I wot no lony let
 That I shal folle to dyner bone I oet
 In joy and lous at mete I lous hem dret
 At the end fol I more pan I can tel

A heyn the offeys of byrnyng fens and cold
 This cambustan of pe which I have yeebo told
 In that bestmentis out upon his doys
 South dyadome ful hye in his paloye
 And held the best colompne and ncho
 That in this world was yee none in liche
 Of which yf I shuld tel al the ray
 Than wold hit oarpe a domene day
 And oke it nedith nat for to desise

At eney coue the ordy r hyr seise
 I wol nat tel of her stronge dour
 No of her swamys no of hyr honoures
 Fro in that lond as to llyn luyghte old
 Ye oom more pat is ful doynre hold
 That in this lond men wch of it but final
 There is no man that may reportyn al
 I wol nat ray yeebo for it ny pyme
 And for it is no fynyte but lde of tyme
 Com to my first tale I wol have recourse
 And oke fil that ahyr the thys coue

Whis pat this kyng sat in his hy nobley
 He kyng he mynstrellis her pynge ploy
 So foru him at his bord dyligently
 In attes hat dor they nith ful dourly
 Cam a luyghte upon a fiede of bras
 And in his honde a bres mynyon of glas
 And on his thombe he had of gold a kyng
 And by his oys a natys oword hangyng
 And up he nith to the hye borde
 At the hat no was per spole a worde
 For merceil of this kyng hit hym to be hold
 And lpyth they thar yon yong and old
 The fraung luyghte that cam od dourly
 At doury oke his hede ful ncholy
 He outeard kyng and men and lordie al
 By ordy as they sayn in the hat
 With so hye reberens and obeyssance
 As wold in hysche as that in contyn d

That Gadder with his old curtesy
 though he come yone out of the forny
 he calls him mens with a word
 After this be forne po hy bord
 he with many more ovis his messago
 After the founde whid in his launtyde
 with out faile of sillabill or eld feary
 And for his tale shuld come po berry
 A cordant to his word was his choys
 As techith arte of spech hem that it loys
 Al be it that I can nat oowid his stile
 nor I can nat chymbyd on so hye an hile
 than sey I thus to the comyn entent
 thus much a mollatith that he ment
 If it so be that I have it in mynde
 he ovis the kyng of Arabie and of ynde
 my lord on this woful day
 Gadder with yow as he best can and may
 And sendith yow home at your fests
 so mo that am at yow at your hoste
 this fests of his that esly and wolo
 can in the spase of a day natmole
 thus e to sey in feyn and tboury hollens
 when yow be in dregh or ette in chodre
 I will boye your body to woy playd
 with yow hent withith for to pass
 and e to end of yow porolls forwold and for
 I will lift to fle as hye in the heyl
 I will an eyle when I am left to dre
 I will e to that boye yow oir more
 with the wryd I will ye be the yow lift
 the I will yow oir on his bak or yest
 And I will e with e I will e of a pyd
 when I will e I will e I will e many a tyd
 he will e many a constellatoun
 and I will e the operation
 and I will e many a shil and many a bond
 and I will e I will e I will e in my honde

That can an hundred fold more votalte
 He that hath be trayd folke many tymes
 Of his falsnes it suld me to vyme
 Swa when I speke of his falsshede
 For shame of hym my cheles as eye rede
 Alyas they begynnyn for to ylarre
 For rednes have I noon asete I knowe
 In my visage for fumes diuers
 Of metallis which yee have herd me reherce
 Confused & wastid hath my rudnes
 Nowe take hede of this Chanons curfines
 Swa quod the Chanone let yow man goon
 For quyl sylur that we had it a noon
 And let hym brynge owncas too or thre
 And ashen he comythe as fast shul yee see
 A woundur thynge which yee shal nebu or this
 Swa quod the preest it shal be so quod
 He has his seruaunte feche hym this thynge
 And he al redy was at his bidding
 And asent hym forth & cam a noon ayeine
 With his quylsilur shortly for to deyne
 And toke these owncas thre to this Chanone
 And he hem leyde feyn & wele a dovene
 And bad the seruaunt whis for to brynge
 That he a noon myzte go to his abiding
 The whis wite a noon were I fet
 And this Chanone toke out a crosse let
 Of his bosom and shewid it to the preest
 This instrument quod he which pat powe is
 Gode in thy hond & put thy self it quod
 Of this quylsilur an owncas & he be yyme
 In the name of Criste to asseye a philosophur
 & here been ful fere that I wold profur
 So stowes hym this much of my science
 For yee shul see here by experience
 That this quylsilur wol nedde mortyf
 Rite in yow oize a noon with out by
 And make it as good sylur and as fyne

As there is eny in yowr pnyr or myne
 Orels were and make it as abill
 Amongst all folk eue for to a pere
 I have a polidur here that cost me dere
 Shall make al gold for it is cause of all
 Ouy comynge which I zelle tell shall
 Voyde yowr yeman and let hym be there onte
 And hit the dore whils aye be a bonte
 Our pryvyte that no man vs espy
 Whils that aye work in this philosophy
 Al as he has fulfild was in sede
 This seruantte a noon oute zede
 And his master hit the dore anon
 And to hyr laboure spedely they goon
 This preest at this curisd Chanons bidding
 Upon the fer a noon set this thing
 And bleke the fer and besys hym ful fast
 And this Chanone in to the crosselet cast
 A polidur note I nere wherof it was
 I made othir of chaff or glas
 Or oon what els was nat worth a fly
 So shynde with the preest and bas hym hyr
 The colis for to toschen al a bode
 The crosselet in tokenyng I the lode
 And this Chanone thynne ome hondis too
 Shall work al thynge that shal here be do
 Graunte mercy quod the preest & was ful glad
 And corchis colis as the Chanone bad
 And whils he besy was this frendly wreche
 This fals Chanone the fals fend hym forche
 Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole
 In which ful subtile was made an hole
 And they in put was of sylver lynnall
 An ounce & was stoppid with onte fayll
 The hole with the weye to kepe the lynnall qu
 And condur stonidith that this fals synne
 Was nat made there but it was made to foie
 And othir thynge with I shall tell anon

And nestour for to tell talys
 Anoon in myne armyng
 Of Roundmayns that been rallys
 Of popis and of Cardmallis
 And eke of love likeyng
 They fet hym first the swete abyme
 And mese eke in a maselyne
 And othir rath spicery Of myngebred
 Of myngebred that was so fyne
 And licoryse and eke comyne
 With sugur that was try
 He had next his white lere
 A clothe of lase fyne and clere
 A brech and eke a shert
 And next his shert an habetonne
 And ow that an habetonne
 For percyng of his hert
 And aboven that a fyne half bork
 That was al wrought wth helms over
 Ful strong it was of plate
 And ow that his cote armure
 As white as any lily flou
 In which he wold sobate
 His sheld was al gold & red
 And they in was abrys gods
 A charbokitt be syde
 And they he bore on also brode
 That the seant wold be dede
 The tyde what be tyde
 His games were of querbol
 Swerdw sheeth of quorn
 His helme of laton briz
 His ordell was of rowett born
 His byndit as the sone it shoon
 Or as the moon lizte
 His spere was of fyne cyres
 That biidit wye & nothing pose
 The heed ful sharp & rounde

His steede was all sapir grev
 It yowth an ambitt by the avey
 ful oddele and ful romide in lond
 So lordis anyne here is a fitt
 yff yee wol any more of it
 to tellit wolt q fonde
 Now holdith yowr tynge p^r chaite
 Both knyghte and all the pepill fro
 And hearkeneth to my speche
 Of batell and of chivalry
 And of ladies love delyry
 Anoon q wolt gelve tell
 yow speken of Romances of p^ryse
 Of horn chils and of p^rotyse
 Of p^redis and of sir gny
 Of sir libens and p^redamonw
 But sir thopas berith the flour
 Of nait chivalry
 His good steede he bo stode
 And forth oppon his way he rode
 As sparkle out of bronde
 Oppon his arste he bare a toure
 And thei in fildis alky flour
 God sheld his cors from shende
 And for he was a knyght amirous
 he ne slept in noon house
 But lought in his hood
 His bryzt helm was his bouger
 And by hym he bare his destorer
 Of herbyo fyne and goos
 hym self drank water of the well
 As did the knyght sir percywell
 So worthy undir aveyse
 Syll it was oppon a day
 No more of this for goddis dignite
 Quod our host for yow maynt me
 So every of thy lodesnes
 That als wylly God my soule ble

for as much than as reson is rebell to god therfor is man worthy to
 to have sorowe and to be dede This soferyd our lord Ihu crist for
 man after that he had be despyrd of his despyll And distreynyd
 And bound so that his blode best ouer all every nayle of his hondis
 as seyth Seynt Austyn and further more for as much as reson
 of man ne wolt hatt dante sensualete whan it may therfor is m//
 an worthy to have shame And this sufferyd our lord Ihu crist
 for man whan they spate in his wesege and fether on for as much
 ch than is the wretched keytyf body of man is rebell both to reso
 and to sensualete therfor is it worthy the dede And this sufferyd our
 lord Ihu crist for man vpon the cros where as there was no parte
 of his blessyd body free wythoutyn grete peyne and bitter passion
 And all sufferyd Ihu crist for man that neva forgetid to meditt
 am I peyne for the thyngis that I neu deseruys and to much de//
 fencyd for shenship that man is worthy to have And therfor may
 the symple man welte say as seyth Seynt Bernard A crafyd
 be the byttyness of man syn for wyth ther must be sufferid so m//
 nche byttyness for certis after the dyvers discordantia of our
 wedynges was the passion of Ihu crist ordeynyd in dyvers thy//
 ngis as this certis synfull mannes soule is betrays of the debyll
 by cooerice of temperat gpperete And scowp by deserte whan he
 cheseth fleschly delectis And yet is it timentid by in pacyence
 of aenite and by espyte by seruage and subiection of synne
 and at the last in flam fenally for this dishordenance of
 synfull man was Ihu crist be trayd and after that was he
 bounde that cam to vnbryng vs of synne and of peyne pa
 was he be scowp that oonly shuld bene honowryd in all thy//
 ngis and of all thyngis than was his wesege pat ouer to be
 despyrd to be kyne of all mankynd in wyth wesege amge//
 lnd desyre to lode welemshy be spete than was he scowp y
 nothyng had gyte r synally then was crucified r crafyd
 then has he complyd the word of gsaie he was aroundit
 for our mysbedie r defouls by our viloneis. Nowe arth pat
 Ihu crist toke opou hym the peyn of al our wedynges
 much ouer synful man wepe r be wayt that for his synys
 Gozdis son of heben shuld al this peyne endure The vi
 thing pat ouer to mede a man to contricion is the hope
 of iij thyngis. That is to sey forgyunes of synne r the

Austyn

Bernard

S Petrus

gift of grace Wele for to do & the glory of heven with ye which
 crist shal givedon man for his good dedes And for as much as
 Jhu crist hyth as these mystis of his lenger of his owne
 bouite therfor is he clepid Jhu nazarene rex iudeorum Jhu
 is to sey our saviour or saviour of whom men shul hope
 to have forgyvnes of synnis which is properly saviour of
 synnis the angell sayd to joseph howe shalt clepe his name
 Jhu that shal save his pepill fro his synnis And here of
 seyith seynt petrus. There is noon othir name vnder heven yt
 is gyven to any man by which a man may be saved but only
 Jhu nazarene is as much for to sey as a florissing in which
 yat a man shuld hope yat he yat hyth hym remission of
 synnis shal hyde hym grace wele for to do. I was atte dore
 of thyne hert seyith Jhu & clepid for to entre he that openyth
 to me shalt have forgyvnes of syn & I wol entre in hym
 by my grace & soupe with hym by the good works yat he
 shal do with which workis been the food of God And he shal
 soupe with me by the grete joy I shal hyde hym thus
 man shal hope for his workis of penance that God
 shal hyde hym his regn as he behotthe hym in pe gospel
 Nowe shal man vnderstonde in which maner shal be
 his contricion. I sey that it shal be vnnysat & totall yat
 is to sey a man shal be verrey repentant for al his syn
 nis that he hath don in delite of his yonge for delite
 is perlonis. For there been too maners of consenting
 the toon of hem is clepid consenting of affection when a
 man is mevid to do synne & delitith hym long for to ynt
 ther on & his reson perceyvyth it wele and yat is synne &
 zent the lalve of God And yet his reson refreynt nat the
 foule delite or talent yonge he is wele apertly yat it is
 a zent the reverence of God at yonge his reson consent
 nat to do that syn in dede. yet seyith som doctours such
 delite that dwellith long it is ful perlonis al be it neid
 od aye. And also a man shuld nat sorowe namely for al
 yat ow he hath desird a zent pe will of God & certis
 perfite consenting of his reson for of it is no doute bit
 it is dedely syn in consenting For certis ther is noon
 dedely syn that it is first in mannis thout & after yat

in his delite

thy gyltes to thowse forgyfdest hem that have a gylt the be wele
 ware that thowse ne be out of charite. This holy cryson amenn
 liche eke venyatt synne and therfor it pertynyth specially to
 penitence. This preyer must be trewly seyde in very feyth &
 that men prey to God ordynarly and dyrectly & devoutly.
 Alwey a man shalt put his will to be subiect to the will
 of God. This preyer must eke be seyde with grete humylyte
 & ful pure & nat to the noyance of any man or woman. It
 must eke conteynyn with avowis of charite. It shal hit eke
 azeust the viciis of the soule. For as seyth seynt Jerome
 by fasting been oward the viciis of the flessch. And by preyers
 the viciis of the soule. After this thowse shalt understond þ
 bodely peyne stont in awaking. For ihu crist seyth. Wa
 kith and preyith that yee ne entur in to viciis temptacioun
 yee shalt understond that fasting stont in thre thyngis in
 forbering of bodely mete and drynk & in forbering of
 solitees and in forbering of deedly synne. This is to sey pat
 a man shalt hope hym from deedly synne with al his myght
 And thowse shalt understond that God ordeynyd fastingis
 And to fasting apperteynyth. iiii. thyngis. largenes to pore
 folk gladnes of hert spiritual nat to be angry ne to be noyed
 ne to gruche for ho fastith. And also resonabil oure for
 to ete by mesure that is to sey that a man shuld nat ote
 in butyrne ne sit the longer at his tabill for ho fastith.
 Then shalt thowse understond that bodely peyne stontith
 in dyscipline or teching by word or by writing or by su
 pplycacioun or by abereing of helys. This of stamyn or habur
 gon or hurnakid flessch for cristis sake & such maner of
 pendances ne make nat thy hert bitter or angry enoyd
 of our lord ihu crist. And therfor seyth seynt augustin
 thowse shal be the that been chosen of God in hert of
 misericord seconete sufferance & such maner of cloynge
 in which ihu crist is more apayde then an heron or an
 haburgon. Then is dyscipline in cloynge of thy brest
 stronging with zerdus in euelling & tribulacioun in
 suffring patiently. Wheris that been deen to hym &
 eke in patient suffring of maladies or lesing of a wordly
 catell or wyff or child or othir frendis. Then shalt

Jerom

[illegible]